

# THE COMMONWEAL

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## THE LOWEST DEPTH

THE law-abiding American public is by now getting used to jolts administered its complacency with fairly high frequency and with all the force that a front-page story in the major press demands. But the revelations, to use a standard term, to which it has been treated in the past three weeks, protrude above the level of lawlessness to which it seems to have resigned itself, and deserve comment all their own. The transference of bandit activities from Chicago to New York, with their accompaniment of raiding parties, machine guns, speeding automobiles and body-guards for such hobgoblin potentates as "Scarface Al" and "Clutching Hands," the transformation of certain sections of America's biggest city into a sort of no man's land where life and limb is at the mercy of a stray shot, has aroused large sections of our citizenry from their summer torpor, and they cry insistently for redress. The ethics and moral standards of the moving picture screen, which they have grown used to regard indulgently and delightedly from an upholstered seat in a darkened cinema theatre, have taken form and substance in their daily lives. And like the heathen of old with drowsy god Baal, when fire from heaven refused to consume their offerings, they demand to know whether the department to which they surrender so much of their own dignity and freedom of action is

sleeping or away from home to allow such a state of things to exist.

The situation has been put succinctly by District Attorney McGeehan of the Bronx, and we make no excuse for quoting his words: "Judging from press reports, a new government is springing up in America—gang government. It selects its leaders, rules its territories, rewards its friends and executes its enemies. Its existence is a challenge to the police department and to lawful civil government."

As though one assault upon the public peace of mind, so hard to bear in this torrid season, were not enough, a second has been administered by a body terming itself the Committee of Fourteen, whose function appears to be to keep a watchful eye upon commercialized vice in the borough of Manhattan. In a report which contains fifty-two pages and which we are promised is only a first instalment, the Committee discloses a state of affairs which it compares (how exactly is not in question just now) with the legalized prostitution in the far East of which travelers have such tales to tell. Speakeasies and night clubs, dance halls and "dance studios" are accused of maintaining a standard of sexual promiscuity which, if it does not overlap white slavery, is an inevitable approach to it. Touts are reported in the most frequented portions of the

city inviting patrons to these yoshiwaras by the broadest of hints as to their real character. A sinister touch is added by the statement that their personnel is being recruited through open advertisements addressed to young and inexperienced girls, accepted up to now, it is true, only by "one tabloid newspaper." Finally, that there may be no doubt whatever as to the connection between the two plagues, Mr. George E. Worthington, general secretary and counsel to the Committee, adds the information that though "this phase of the situation was not considered within the province of the committee's work," his investigators "had seen men at night clubs and speakeasies who were pointed out to them as gangsters and known criminals."

The situation which we have to face is so clear, its implications are so unmistakable, that any comment must come in the nature of an anticlimax. Victor Hugo in his greatest novel, and in a chapter headed *The Lowest Depth*, details one by one the successive layers of occult activity with which the society of every epoch is undermined. Under all the successive galleries where the challengers, dreamers, social rebels and even anarchists whose aim is the subversion of society, hew and dig in the dark, he places an ultimate stratum.

"Here disinterestedness dies. The demon stands vaguely revealed. Everyone for himself. The blind ego yells, gropes, clutches and gnaws. . . . The ferocious shadows that prowl about this cavern do not trouble themselves about universal progress—they know neither the word nor the idea. They care for nothing beyond individual gratification. . . . This stratum in its hideous labor not only undermines the actual social order; it undermines philosophy, science, law, social thought, civilization, revolution and progress. Its name is robbery, prostitution and assassination. It is darkness. It desires chaos."

It is startling to see words that a great thinker used sixty years ago to portray the ultimate depth of an old and what we might call corrupted society, so accurately describing the spectre with which we, in a new world and with six decades of social planning and action behind us, find ourselves confronted today. We boast, and with some reason, that the problems which stem from irremediable distress find themselves largely ameliorated in America, thanks to a democratic scheme of society, and that wider opportunities for personal betterment make our country a poor breeding ground for any form of communism and social revolt. Yet beneath the apparent security and seamliness of our social structure, an eminent lawyer and judge can see "a new government springing up" bound by no laws save its own, and measuring its force openly with that of law and order. Is the evil so dismally impressive merely by reason of its proportions, which again may be set down as an accident due to the extent and composition of our population? Some of the cases with which our juries are forced to deal weekly surpass ordinary human malfeasance and seem to take their inspiration directly from hell. Or is the lack of control

over the situation, which all admit, the disproportion between the volume of crime and the incidence of punishment, with instances of which our press has been filled during the past month, traceable to some inherent defect, some lack of defensive virtue in our social organism? It is hard to imagine any question more urgent or calling out more loudly for open, fearless and immediate discussion in order that a remedy may be arrived at.

As always happens in this country when the corporate conscience is deeply stirred, comment has already been both voluminous and helpful. Its tone varies from the blunt and technical recommendation of District Attorney Banton that 3,000 or 4,000 more police are needed in New York, to the more theoretical but none the less veracious observation by Dean Roscoe Pound that our criminal methods are "quite out of line with the manifestations of today," because they presuppose a measure of "household discipline," local feeling and religious restraint which has ceased to exist, and that the boundary of what separates legitimate from illegal enterprise has been confused by the creation of a host of new "crimes" which are not recognized as being such by public sentiment. Feeling toward the culprit, as the Dean of the Harvard Law School sees it, has grown wavering and uncertain as complexity has increased. *Lex talionis*—an eye for an eye—remains at the base of criminal law. It is still, Dean Pound might have added, the immediate reaction felt by many individuals in face of lawlessness. But its corporate expression can no longer be relied on. "In fact," the Dean notes, "acts are much more complex than this simple theory presupposes, and statutory crimes long ago began to break away from the orthodox analysis." Our legislation "vacillates between the older conception, and a conception of social utility, or one of maintaining the general security."

To doubt that the situation will be remedied is to doubt of the worth and "valor" of our citizenry. But we believe no remedy will be worth a moment's consideration unless it is not frankly recognized that the increase in lawlessness which we all deplore is a direct result of a moral let-down in spheres which the law does not make its concern. What we need is not so much an addition to our swollen list of "crimes" as renewed attention to a list of half a score that was compiled a great many years ago under rather special circumstances. This cannot be changed at will or with impunity. To expect anything like a dignified and logical attitude toward crime and the criminal from a society that is familiarized from childhood with violence and sex lawlessness in its books, its plays, its press-stories, that rubs shoulders with the underworld in its nightly haunts, and crowds to a musical entertainment whose pleasantries a veteran dramatic critic lately excused himself from quoting on the plea that they would debar his paper from mailing privileges, is an idle dream. If teeth are put in our laws, we hope some of them will be wisdom teeth.

## THE COMMONWEAL

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### WEEK BY WEEK

**E**ACH step the Democratic party takes shows more clearly how completely, under Governor Smith's leadership, it has broken with its past. His selection of Mr. Raskob as chairman is no gesture; it is part of the relegation to the dust-pile of the hostility toward business which governed the party for so many years. It has abandoned, too, the dream of free trade, so persistently cherished in the face of facts for so many years. In place of the old there is being rapidly substituted the new—construction instead of opposition; a determination to prove untrue, at last, Speaker Reed's famous and deserved epigram, "The Democratic party is always being photographed in the attitude of 'It can't be done.'" This is why, while resolutely restating his duty to work out a better solution of the prohibition mess, Governor Smith does not treat that matter as the sole thing that concerns a possible President. The Raskob appointment—it was an appointment—is simply one more of the many evidences that the dead past is buried and that there is a new and youthful Democratic party. That "election" will have a paragraph to itself in political history.

**I**N COMPELLING the national committee to accept Mr. Raskob, Governor Smith aroused fear, doubt and opposition among those committeemen who thought it bad politics to rub it in. Mr. Raskob is a wet, a Catholic and urban. It would be better politics to assuage the hostility in the South and West by poulticing Smith's wetness, urbanism and Catholicism with some chairman who is dry, Protestant and rural. The Governor

overrode their opposition. His way is to meet every charge by admitting it and saying, "What of it?" He is charged with being wet, Tammany, urban and Catholic; it is said that he would be too friendly to immigrants. Before the Houston convention adjourned he sent a telegram reminding it that he was a wet; and in it he made several references to "Divine guidance," and every man who read it was instantly reminded that his religion was Catholic. He made his first speech in Tammany Hall, and in it he informed the country that he was not only a Tammany man, but an officer of Tammany. He made another speech that day; it was to an audience mainly of immigrants. Now he picks as chairman a Catholic, a wet and a city man. His way of meeting a charge is to say, "It's true; now think it over and see if it's so very grave, after all. Is it?" The doubters on the national committee regard this as bad politics. It is certainly new, in fact unprecedented, whether it is good or not.

**T**HE new Republican chairman, Dr. Work, began the campaign by making three announcements, all about the issues. They were, first that the tariff was to be made the main issue, second that the farmers had no reason to make farm relief an issue, and third—this in a general order to Republican campaigners—that prohibition and religious affiliations were not issues. It is an old-fashioned assumption, this—that politicians and not the people make the issues. The issues, Dr. Work, are those things which the people talk about. If the people talk about a certain thing, the politicians will have to talk about it too, or the people will pay no attention to them. The contrary assumption is that the minds of the people, every four years, are blank pages, on which the politicians can write any subject that takes their fancy, and that the subject so written on these blank pages becomes, immediately and irresistibly, the "issue." This assumption has always worked ruin to those politicians who have acted upon it. Experience and history record no exception to that rule. If they now record such an exception in favor of Dr. Work, he will also have added a new chapter to politics.

**I**T IS not yet appreciated that Miss Amelia Earhart has performed a great service to common sense, clear thinking and all-around honesty. She had hardly landed in England before she began insisting that the credit should go to the two men who took her there and not to her. At first this was accepted merely as a gesture; but she kept it up, dashing cold water on adulation by her constant thrusting of her comrades to the front in every demonstration attempted in her honor. The upshot will be, let us hope, that there will be some moderation in the frantic transports over the next young woman who lets a couple of aviators take her across. At lowest, there will be a secret uneasiness over the fear that the sex-worshippers are making themselves ridiculous. There may even be a

searching of memories on whether there was not a little of the absurd in the fits over other young women who inspired almost as much lunacy as a Valentino funeral. Not even a good sport like this game, square Yankee girl can abolish the human love for mass idiocy, but what one woman could do toward it she has done, and done not once but every time she has had a chance. For this, more than for being the first woman to cross in an airplane, Amelia Earhart deserves the unbounded admiration of her countrymen.

**T**HERE is a noteworthy sentence in Senator Capper's letter proposing that Republican campaign funds be kept down this year: "The campaign budget of more than \$5,000,000 eight years ago was in itself scandalous and was entirely excessive, as the vote in November proved." That campaign was the one in which Harding was elected over Cox. The people had had their minds made up for two years, as the Congress elections of 1918 proved, and no campaign was necessary, let alone a campaign fund. The campaign fund raised for Roosevelt in 1904 was a sheer waste, for Roosevelt's election was certain without the expenditure of a cent. The politicians, who believe in many superstitions, like sailors and gamblers, take it as an article of faith that dollars decide elections. The superstition dates back to 1896, when Mark Hanna dazzled the political imagination by the great fund he raised to defeat Bryan. Since then their minds have been running tamely in that groove. The height of the ridiculous was reached in Mitchel's last campaign for mayor of New York, when it was said that a million was raised for him, and when the election returns proved that the money did not influence the result in a single district; if not a cent had been raised Hyman's majority would have been no greater.

**T**HOUGH politicians will laugh at the notion, it is a fact that the people and not the money-bags decide elections. No amount of money will change the settled purpose of the people to keep a party in power or to turn it out. Money is not spent as corruptly as it once was; the expenses are "legitimate," and consist chiefly in advertising the party and the candidate in different ways. But they are senseless and futile, and their lavishness constitutes a subtle insult, not to the honesty of the voter, but to his intelligence. In some respects his intelligence may merit adverse criticism, but not in this matter of his being stampeded by expensive publicity. Election after election proves it, but the politicians still go on worshiping their fetish. The latest decisive proof of its absurdity was given in the comparatively recent contest in Pennsylvania between Senator Pepper and Mr. Vare. Pennsylvania is held up to scorn as a state where money rules elections; yet the great campaign fund raised for Mr. Pepper had no effect. Vare's fund was large, but much smaller than Pepper's; and the result proved that even in a contest between two machines, with no faction of re-

formers and no reform issue, money does not rule even such a state as Pennsylvania. This is the most "practical" of all lessons in politics, but the politicians simply will not learn it.

**C**HRISTIANS who love the memory of the little poor man of Assisi will always be gratified when they find a few drops of his unearthly wisdom falling like dew upon a world that is parched for lack of faith and tortured by the heat and fervor of its own inventions. They will be all the more favorably impressed when the saint's words are quoted by one not altogether committed to the Christian solution, and in a gathering other than religious in atmosphere. At the recent International Conference of Labor, which ended its deliberations in the middle of June, M. Albert Thomas, who has been Minister of Labor in several French governments since the war, turned to the legend of Saint Francis for advice which he thought his hearers, whatever their religion and political tint, would be well advised to heed and follow. Quoting an expression attributed to one of the poorest, happiest and holiest men who has ever lived, he begged them "to collect and cherish any fragments of justice and peace that still survived in the world."

**T**HESE are very fine and timely words, and they justify the reputation for a certain humanity of outlook that M. Thomas has earned in his own country. They should encourage social thinkers and workers, who are sometimes so dismayed at the blight which sophistication seeks to cast upon the ancient truths they think the best that they are almost tempted to agree with Count Keyserling that the world has aged and progressed beyond their power to be of present help. We might even go further than M. Thomas, and say that the duty of every Christian who sees oblivion threatening the things that "seem simple only because they are universally true, and inept only because they have never been loyally tried out," is to recover them, reiterate them, and use every faculty given him to keep them in men's sight against a day when a society cloyed with strange food will find itself hungering after the sweetness of the bread that was eaten in the Father's house.

**W**E ARE not going to spend time figuring out the exact grounds for the persistent rumor that New York city and state, out of which a particularly redoubtable rival to the present administration at Washington has issued, is going to be treated to an especially rigorous invasion by the agents of the prohibition department up to and during the presidential election. It is sufficient for what we have to say that such a thing is possible, and, as most possible things are done sooner or later, that it opens our eyes on a new and particularly dangerous aspect of the prohibition law. Our forefathers, when they framed the constitution, were not guided by probabilities. Their concern was to ensure

the utmost limit of autonomy for the free contracting states of which it was the creation. Consequently they confined federal control to the bare necessities, such as foreign policy, army and navy, postal communications and freedom of interstate commerce, compatible with the existence of the United States as a national entity.

THE entrance of the federal government as an active intervening agent in the most local and trivial details of life has changed this situation root and branch. The prohibition department is unbridled in its powers. It can concentrate the whole of its force on any centre of the population at any given moment. Aware of the intense aversion its energies arouse, it can, if such seems good or expedient to it, reward a state or city that is loyal to the administration by withholding its hand, and "ride" a disloyal one. It can cover its agents with immunity. It can, as we have seen in a recent flagrant case in Maryland, take the legal proceedings which follow some abuse of power out of the hands of state courts and into its own. By what amounts to practically star chamber methods it can dictate to the press and forestall any corporate expression of indignation. In a word, a tyranny at which our fathers would have stood aghast rests upon us, and it is because our people are beginning to wake to the situation into which they allowed themselves to be led that the present political situation holds so many incalculable chances.

A RECENT article, written to offset the current cynicism in matters of law and lawyers by Silas H. Strawn, president of the American Bar Association, presents a picture in true perspective of the legal profession. Titling his exposition *What's Wrong with the Bar?*, Mr. Strawn boldly repeats and admits a long array of accusations against lawyers. But he vigorously asserts that those who impede and obstruct justice, who have neither ideals nor sense of public duty, who knowingly defend criminals beyond justification or condonation, form an exceedingly small percentage of the profession. The recent investigations into ambulance chasing in New York City is additional evidence that the bar is well aware of existing evils in its ranks and seeks their elimination. Whereas we cannot agree with Mr. Strawn's intimation that noble purpose and devotion to public weal is often the sole actuating motive in the selection of a legal career, we heartily accord with his belief that such incentives are basically present in a predominant number of barristers. His inferential argument that there are too many lawyers is soundly backed by the suggestion that compulsory preliminary education serve as an agency to weed out those who regard the profession only as an opportunity to make money quickly and easily.

THE Middle-West has been experimenting with straw votes. Almost every one of the larger cities has collected opinions regarding Smith and Hoover,

and in some cases the number of those willing to register a conviction has been surprisingly large. Quite generally the Democratic candidate has been favored, and just as generally, expressions of affection for the "wet man" have been voiced frankly. Sufficient attention is being given those figures in certain quarters to create a rumor that Republicanism may admit the legitimacy of attempts to modify the liquor law. Veteran observers, however, declare that the Eighteenth Amendment is not an issue which, in the end, will sway the Middle-West. They point out the fact that it was widely believed that the La Follette party of four years ago was destined to carry half a dozen states, and that straw votes credited it with a great deal of strength. When that now forgotten November actually came, the power of entrenched Republicanism was manifest in the results. They believe that a Smith victory, if it comes in these states, will be the fruit of popular conviction that he himself is a man of extraordinary integrity and ability. At any rate, it is precisely these virtues which his best friends in the Middle-West are emphasizing.

THE *Doctrina Breve*, published in Mexico in 1544 by the Bishop Juan Zumarraga, comes to us through the courtesy of the United States Catholic Historical Society of New York. It is the oldest book printed in North America, and Mr. Archer M. Huntington, the great patron of Spanish art and learning, has lent for the copy the only perfect one in existence—that from the library of the Hispanic Society of America. Mr. Stephen H. Horgan, the veteran founder of our newspaper illustrations, has had charge of the photo-engraving of the pages, and we are therefore in possession of a facsimile copy of this precious book. It proves to be a catechism, or manual of Christian Doctrine, intended for the instruction of the Indians and children in the pioneer monastic schools of Mexico. As Reverend Zephyrin Englehardt points out in an introductory study, the publication of this work took place fifty-two years after Columbus had discovered America; Martin Luther was still alive in Germany and Henry VIII still reigning in England. It was sixty-nine years before the Pilgrim Fathers had even landed on Plymouth Rock. There had been earlier books in Mexico, printed from primitive hand-presses, but these have disappeared or exist only in small fragments. "From a printer's viewpoint," as Mr. Horgan remarks, "the make-up of this *Doctrina Breve* is little less than marvelous."

A TEACHER in a western city was talking to his pupils about what to eat in order to grow strong and healthy. He glanced at his text-book in a rather perfunctory way and indicated the proper quantity of meat. But little boys who come from homes near factories and tanneries sometimes take information very seriously. One of them raised a hand and said, "We get meat once a week." Interest having been displayed

in this question, he volunteered the further information that once upon a time there had been chicken—on Christmas Day, in fact. Father had handed over \$.15 and with this the boy had gone to a riverside market where fowl of all sorts were available. There was one pen over which \$.15 had a considerable amount of control. The chickens, to be sure, may have looked gaunt and old, crippled and sickly. But they seemed marvelous to the boy, because he got two—two chickens the taste of which had lingered in his memory. Father had been out of a job, \$.15 had been a lot of money. All this was said without a trace of complaint, wistfully and perhaps even thankfully. It may be that the teacher glanced once again at his textbook and wondered to what extent it had been written for all Americans.

WRITING in the New York Times, Mr. Evans Clark outlined the extent to which "corporation selling" has entered the field of retail trade. It is interesting, indeed, to observe how the effort to eliminate suicidal competition and costly waste from marketing has created such tremendous organizations as the United Drug Company and the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company. The initial stimulus may have come from the mail-order houses, and so it is worth noticing that these (notably Montgomery Ward) are now beginning to establish chain stores. It is hard to decide upon the general social utility of the new order. The "chain" gives its managers shorter hours, relative economic security and opportunity for advancement. On the other hand, it clearly destroys the quality known as independence, which was an indispensable corollary to the pioneer spirit and made possible the appearance of an estimable middle class, and which usually keeps the average man from advancing far. Perhaps the best thing that can be said for the "chains" is that they tend to stimulate buying and so to foster production. By reason of improved advertising and sales methods they appeal to a public which might otherwise buy listlessly.

## FANCY'S THOROUGHFARE

MADAME is still buying books. The vogue of fiction was never greater. More than a few persons, however, are beginning to suspect that this is due to a literary habit rather than to the excellence of the product now available. Indeed, something like positive aversion to fiction is manifest in various places, among young aspirants to bookish glory no less than among sage older folk whose minds yearn for relatively solid food. What renders the whole question so difficult and important, however, is the necessity for "actuality" in fiction. Every story must enshrine a conflict, dependent upon objects and motives of concern to the contemporary world. Nobody will be stirred by an emotional debate between Peter and Susan unless the point at issue is interesting. But as

a result of obvious moral crises and upheavals, much that used to seem dramatic motivation now appears positively banal to the vast majority of the up-to-date readers.

Let François Mauriac, eminent and contemporary young French novelist, state the problem. He says that the present finds a story like Fromentin's *Dominique*, which circles round the concept of family "honor," not merely tiresome but incomprehensible. "This kind of conflict," we are told, "has become unintelligible, and even far more striking dramatic situations are no longer understood." Love—or passion—used to be so engrossing to the writer precisely because the number of human things involved was so large and illustrious. Honor, virtue, religious faith, dignity, loyalty—all these and more were conceived of as being implicated. But, says Mauriac, "the terrible logic that impels our world, which has lost God, to conceive of love as a surfacey act like unto any other—this has become a very grave menace to the novel." The traditional notion of love, like the traditional notion of everything else, "was established by religion and Christian morality." If we remove the constructive energy, we will find that the product likewise crumbles into dust.

What is to be done? Mauriac argues for the acceptance of the contemporary principle that "fictional literature cannot be diverted from its proper end, which is the knowledge of man." Since this cannot be attained without essaying to explore the "deepest recesses" of the consciousness, hitherto veiled from view by common agreement, the domain of the "secret life" is now the novelist's happy hunting-ground. Precisely here, our theorist tells us, can be found the impulse which will restore the Christian conception of life and with that the old possibilities of art. For out of the ultimate depths of human decay there can rise the conviction that only one thing is possible, only one thing is necessary—the Divine mercy.

Mauriac's case is tenable enough, up to a certain point. Certainly the misfortune of the Christian novelist lies in the fact that dramatic crises which seem all-important to him are dull to the rest of the world. But that he should hope to add lustre to the wings of the spirit by trailing them through the mud is, to our minds at least, an untenable ambition. The problem is, rather, to show that the integral Christian personality is not factitious—that, in all truth, the forces engaged are not external agencies busied in hammering a soul into shape, but that they are just simply the common, human powers of growth exercised in the light of God. In so far as this involves a reconsideration of religion itself, in its relations with art and life, let the meditation already begun in many places proceed. The sense of sin is, as Newman said long ago, the initial step toward religious life. But surely it is conceivable that art, with a vision of the universe as willed by God, should render that step easier for many men to take.

# ISSUES AND MEN

By ELMER MURPHY

**P**OLITICAL strategists, working out plans for the forthcoming campaign, are confronted by a battle array which, if not altogether novel, differs in many respects from any that has existed in recent years. The old flags are still flying. The old battle cries will again resound. The old broadsides of political hokum will be launched from the hustings and carried by radio to the hearthstone. But the veterans of many similar wars are sagely predicting that it is not by these that victory will be won.

Underneath these familiar trappings of political conflict a change is taking place that might, as one may view it, be either a fortuitous combination of circumstances or the foreshadowing of a significant break in political tradition. After accounting rather complacently for the apathy of the American voter by the lack of issues to stir his interest, we find ourselves facing a campaign that, at its outset at least, aroused unmistakable enthusiasm without them. There are, of course, the familiar charges and counter-charges of corruption, fraud and incompetency. There is a faint echo of the old, defiant note sounded over the tariff. But in the two platforms there is none of the stuff that turns an apathetic voter into a militant crusader. Both are spread with verbal honey—different kinds of honey, but cloyingly sweet none the less—to entice the farmer out of his tent in the corn belt. On the subject of prohibition and the Eighteenth Amendment they reveal no antagonistic opinion. They are conventional documents cut after the traditional pattern—the kind of manifesto that was to be expected from a political gathering trying valiantly to convince a diffident public that its tom-tom beating was a tocsin of war.

In retrospect it is evident that the conventions at Kansas City and Houston were mere curtain raisers to be got out of the way before the real drama could begin. They were not the springs from which welled up the fervor that makes of a multitude a battling host. In all of the din of oratory not one phrase was struck off that could pass current as a rallying battle cry. Had the committees on resolutions lost themselves in the tumult, they would not have been greatly missed and the outcome of the two great councils would not have been changed in the slightest. The only thing that counted in either case was the first ballot and about this, as it now appears, was an inevitability that made all the brass bands, the speechmaking, the demonstrations and the hue and cry of the sweating thousands seem futile. They released the trigger which launched a new kind of campaign—a campaign not of issues but of men.

In this respect it is not at all improbable that a new chapter in American political history is being written

and that a new political order is coming into view. The personalities of Secretary Hoover and Governor Smith might account in a measure for the unanimity with which their parties have chosen them for leadership. Both are men of unmistakable character and achievement. But these qualities alone do not afford adequate explanation for the mounting enthusiasm which has no important issues to feed upon nor for the popular interest in them, not for what they purpose doing—or what their parties purpose doing for them—but for the manner of men they are. Does the answer lie in the change that is taking place in the complex mechanism of extra-constitutional government?

It has become clearer with every passing election that the processes by which candidates are sifted out of the great mass of people and brought to the threshold of public office have been altered and that new ways of distilling out of diffuse public opinion the political formulas out of which issues are made are being found. Parties are apparently serving a new purpose. In the old days when Aldrich and Cannon were supreme, the party, the solidarity of which was typified by the steam roller, cast its shadow athwart the path of every candidate for political honors. Whether the cohesion that made this possible came from the top down by way of the "boss" or from the bottom up by way of the loyalty of the rank and file, it was a fact that could not safely be ignored. There were those who, like Roosevelt, stood out conspicuously against this background, but even Roosevelt took counsel with the party leaders. The recurrent struggle for political power was not against the machine but for control of the machine.

So long as the party, as it was then constituted, existed the convention had the significance of a council of war. It laid out the general plan of campaign and formulated the issues which were the basis of conflict. The public might have regarded the platforms with its tongue in its cheek but they were necessary to the game as it was then played. Issues of some kind were necessary to the party. They were the garments in which it was draped and, whether they were drawn in the platform or not, they made their appearance before the campaign was well under way. If they attracted enough attention to stir the interest of the electorate, enough votes might have been polled to turn one party out and put another in power. If they were too inconspicuous to arouse the public from its apathy, the chances were that the ins would remain in and the contending forces would rest on their arms, the outs hoping that another four years would bring forth the necessary issues to enable them to dislodge their opponents. Leadership was less a matter of

blazing new paths for the party to follow than a matter of keeping the party in the path of progress. The party supplied the cudgel for the candidate to wield.

When the wave of reform set in, with the birth of insurgency under Dolliver, leading finally to the toppling of Cannonism, the adoption of the constitutional amendment paving the way for the direct election of senators and the establishment of the primary system, the party mechanism began to go to pieces. Party labels, as Lord Morley said of his own country, remained on the bottles but they were no longer a guarantee of the political liquor they contained. A Nebraska Republican did not belong to the same school of thought as the Maine Republican. An Alabama Democrat and a Louisiana Democrat were not of the same genus. The party was shorn of its power of setting up its own standards of fidelity or casting into the outer political darkness those whom it held guilty of treason. The voters of the states and districts formulated the party creed. They are free to call black white if they choose and to nominate and elect as a Republican or Democrat whomsoever they please.

This change has had a profound effect upon government. The individual senator or representative no longer stands in fear of party retribution. He is answerable only to those who can muster enough votes to keep him in office. He can stand for the corn belt or against it. He can vote wet or dry. He can run with the political sheep or goats and still call himself a Republican or a Democrat. He can persistently vote for measures stamped as heretical by the veto of his own party leader without fear of excommunication.

All of which points rather definitely to the conclusion that the day of the party as an organized political force, such as it was in the days of Mark Hanna and Aldrich, with power to enforce its decrees and maintain a certain measure of control over its adherents, is done. It has certainly become a mere wraith of its former greatness when it assumed responsibility for the direction of government and shaped legislative policy. When Uncle Joe Cannon turned his back upon Congress it was not because he had grown old but because the old party order under which he had served had already begun to crumble.

The crumbling is still going on but no adequate substitute for the old party system has been evolved. If the old religion is dead, the political high priests cling tenaciously to the rites and Congress adheres to the practice of affixing to its members the old labels. Mr. Longworth, speaking for the majority, and Mr. Garrett, speaking for the minority, assert with equal emphasis that the party system is the only practicable device for registering the popular will. Attempts have been made to engraft the bloc system upon the parent government stem but in every case it has withered and died because it was foreign to the original stock.

Instead of trying deliberately to find a substitute for the party system, the politicians have, uncon-

sciously perhaps, been groping for some kind of modified party government which will fit the changed conditions. The voters, too, who can no longer call the party to account, have been casting about for a peg upon which to hang responsibility for the conduct of national policy. The party no longer serves this purpose. It is a combination of sectional interests rather than the vehicle for bringing national opinion to focus upon national interests. In Iowa a good Republican would probably be an advocate of the equalization fee; in Massachusetts he would probably be against it. Mr. Heflin can, as a Democrat, denounce the Catholic Church and the Pope of Rome as vehemently as he chooses and Senator Robinson can quite as vehemently denounce religious intolerance. Mr. Brookhart can preach the gospel of agrarian reform, Mr. Norris can pour out the vials of his wrath upon the heads of the just and the unjust. Their party associates might not like it but it is not for them to declare anything anathema.

The President and not the party is the custodian of national policy. As the party star has declined his has risen. He alone is constrained to consider national problems in a national perspective and not in the perspective of Massachusetts or Texas or North Dakota. He is, from the viewpoint of consistency, of one color, while the parties are mottled in many hues depending upon the environment of their membership. What he thinks is of vastly more importance to the country as a whole than the declarations of a party convention, the delegates to which will shout themselves hoarse over a platform but in their most enthusiastic moments listen for the still small voice of their constituencies when the time comes for putting it into effect.

For this reason, perhaps, if for no other, it is possible that party conventions are beginning to discard their traditional practices suited to conditions which are rapidly passing and getting down to the real business they are intended to do—the selection of national leaders to chart the course of national affairs. For the same reason, too, interest might be shifting from the party and its pomps to the presidential candidate. It is also quite probable that the old idea of party as an organization, with its leaders, lieutenants, sub-lieutenants and rank and file, will, in the course of time, be abandoned entirely and in its place will be set up for the guidance of the voter, broad, political principles, stress being laid less upon specific measures to be enacted than upon the spirit in which legislative problems will be approached.

Out of the confusion that has marked this shifting of the currents of extra-constitutional government the tendency of political development to follow two main channels is becoming more apparent. The real line of distinction between the members of the two houses of Congress is not the centre aisles which divide the parties. It would be as illuminating to the voter to call those on the right the Guelphs and those on the

left the Ghibellines as to call them Democrats or Republicans. Whatever the significance that party labels might bear, most of the members can be earmarked by definite characteristics which are disclosed in repeated roll-calls. They fall into the political categories of liberalism and conservatism. There are Republican liberals and conservatives as there are Democratic liberals and conservatives.

For the first time the issue has been drawn along this line and it is drawn not in the party platforms but in the characteristics of the two candidates, Secretary Hoover and Governor Smith. Of their sincerity of purpose, their honesty and their capacity there is no doubt. It is not to be expected that Governor Smith will attempt to overhaul the economic machinery of the country any more than that Secretary Hoover will attempt to reconstruct the banking system. But in the main it may be said that Secretary

Hoover is more inclined to regard established political institutions as essential to progress and that Governor Smith is more concerned with achieving the purpose for which they were established.

It would not be fair to either candidate to attempt to interpret them in this light. That they will do for themselves during the course of the campaign. Before it is over it is possible that we shall be well on the way toward the establishment of a new political alignment and that parties will become the guardians of the sacred fires of liberalism and conservatism rather than political organizations called into being to win elections. Here, at least, is an explanation of the enthusiasm the nominations have aroused and a possible remedy for the apathy with which the electorate is afflicted. The recent conventions, in this perspective, might eventually come to be regarded as a turning point in our political history.

## HIGH TIDE AT SARATOGA

By JOHN CARTER

THE surrender of Burgoyne and his army to General Horatio Gates at Saratoga, on October 17, 1777, was as important to the modern world as was the battle of Salamis to the ancients. Salamis decided that the Orient should keep out of Europe. Saratoga decided that Europe should keep out of America. Within less than fifty years European sovereignty in the western hemisphere was limited to the Caribbean region and to the then undeveloped and subordinate Canadian territory. For Saratoga was the turning-point of the American Revolution. Before Burgoyne's surrender there was every reason to suppose that England would succeed in crushing the rebels. Indeed, when Burgoyne captured Ticonderoga early in his campaign, King George had rushed into his Queen's chambers crying "I have beat them! I have beat all the Americans!" Much as we like to think now that our emancipation was inevitable, it was not so in 1777. Had Burgoyne succeeded in his plan of cutting the New England colonies off from their southern associates by seizing and holding the line of the Hudson, the Union Jack might be flying over all this continent at the present moment. Mr. Nickerson\* writes:

Saratoga brought France into the war and thereby established the independence of the United States. . . . If we search backward in time for a point at which the new forces still active in Christendom began definitely to triumph, we shall find it at Saratoga. . . . Yorktown was the child of Saratoga. I repeat that without Burgoyne's surrender and without the French intervention of which

that surrender was the occasion, the independence of the United States could hardly have been made good.

Mr. Nickerson has written one of those rare and refreshing books which are true history, the art as well as the science. Recently, Colonel Hudleston, librarian of the British War Office, essayed to deal with the same theme in a sprightly, skittish volume entitled *Gentleman Johnny*. To Hudleston, the entire campaign is a huge joke and its failure due solely to the carelessness of Germaine, the Secretary for Colonies, who neglected to send Howe the order which might have enabled that lazy soldier to coöperate with Burgoyne. Hudleston makes Germaine the villain of a bit of opera bouffe, with Burgoyne the tenor and comedian.

Mr. Nickerson falls into no such blunder. He fixes the Saratoga campaign solidly in time and examines the factors which affected it. There is nothing funny about it, although he often writes with a light touch. He is not concerned with the merits of the colonial cause, the justice of England's attitude on taxation and jurisdiction, the diplomacy of Vergennes or the fate of democracy, save as they actually affected the course of military operations.

He casts a flood of light on a much misunderstood episode in history. He makes us see with our own eyes and comprehend with our minds every important and significant development in one of the critical events of history. His summation of character reminds one of Gibbon. Arnold, Gates, Burgoyne, Stark, Schuyler, Herkimer, Carleton, Howe, Clinton and a host of lesser figures emerge, not as *dramatis personae* but as men whose qualities and defects set their mark upon history. He resurrects and expounds the whole theory

\**The Turning-Point of the Revolution, or Burgoyne in America*, by Hoffman Nickerson. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$6.00.

of eighteenth-century warfare, showing how the development of the line and the tactical striving for the "perfect volley" had given a formidable moral and military character to the British regulars. He explains how the "Kentucky rifle" and the "greased patch," combined with better marksmanship, gave the Americans a distinct tactical advantage and how the character of the country aided them. He reveals Burgoyne as a bold and able general, a bit of a gambler as are all successful soldiers, whose plan for the reconquest of America was entirely sound, and whose campaign might have succeeded but for a series of physical and moral accidents. In discussing the final act of capitulation, he sums up the "fly-paper" type of campaign which wore his army down and starved it into submission:

No sudden and decisive stroke had brought about the disaster, but a gradual and at first unnoticed accumulation of separate blunders and misfortunes, each one of them insignificant in comparison with the result at last achieved. Even after Howe and Germaine's enormous initial blunder, Burgoyne had still every prospect of success.

The insufficiency of transport, the difficulties of handling a mixed force of British regulars, German mercenaries, Canadians, Indian and Tory volunteers started the trouble. Howe allowed himself to be lured south to Philadelphia, instead of proceeding up the Hudson. St. Clair's attack on the Mohawk valley was turned back at Fort Stanwix. What should have been a triple stroke reduced itself to a single operation. After the capture of Ticonderoga a poor route was followed. Burgoyne delayed much too long on the march. Then, the defeat at Bennington was pure accident. It was

one of the most extraordinary engagements of military history and almost the only one of modern times in which a force almost entirely of improvised troops has succeeded in defeating regulars.

Burgoyne's decision to cross the Hudson was

a decision of that sort which when they succeed are praised for their boldness, and when they fail are blamed as rash.

The actions around Saratoga were poorly conceived on Burgoyne's part and the battle of Fraser's Farm in particular was a rash undertaking. In his retreat, Burgoyne's self-indulgence cost him the opportunity to cut his way clear. He was tired.

He saw before him the imposing Schuyler mansion and the comfort and shelter which that great house promised to himself was too much for his determination.

He rested when he should have advanced. The next day was too late. Gates sprung the trap and on October 17, 1777, for the first time in history "the son of a duke's housekeeper had taken prisoner a British army."

Over all this maze of petty warfare, leading from bombast on the Canadian frontier to an ignominious

defeat, Mr. Nickerson casts the lambent light of a true historical sense. He notes keenly how France, under Vergennes, was showing

the dour and stubborn vitality which underlies the fantasy and sparkle of the French . . . most of all after their defeats. It is the supreme interest of the story to be told in this book that each incident in the straggling campaigns on the edge of the American wilderness either checked or pushed forward the wary but determined man [Vergennes] perpetually at his desk amid the magnificence and the amazing etiquette of Versailles, until at last Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga gave to the indefatigable Frenchman his opportunity.

He notes, too, that no one in England realized that the Americans had ceased to be Englishmen and that a new people had come into being unsuspected by the Tories, who desired to subject them to the king, and by the Whigs, who regarded them as a wing of the party in opposition. He reveals Spain torn between the temptation to recapture Florida from the English and the fear of losing her profitable trade with England.

The author is very wary in assigning blame. He reconstructs the information in a man's possession before criticizing him for his action. However, he asserts that

as regarded Burgoyne and the northern army, Howe's decision [to go south to Philadelphia] was not only a folly but a crime.

Colonel Hudleston in his Gentleman Johnny attributes Howe's weird maneuver to the advice of that baffling traitor, Charles Lee, who had been captured by Howe. Mr. Nickerson does not mention Lee in this connection.

In only one case, when dealing with Burgoyne's employment of Indian auxiliaries, is the author outspoken in his criticism. Granted that the British force needed skirmishers trained in forest warfare to prevent a repetition of the Lexington-Concord battue, Mr. Nickerson finds it impossible to forgive Burgoyne for this action.

His was the guilt of acting as the instrument in such a filthy business as that of setting the Indians upon colonists insufficiently grateful for the blessings of a Hanoverian dynasty and parliamentary taxation,

he exclaims in one of the few bitter passages of his otherwise candid and objective volume. He is more effective when he says:

Indeed, the employment of Indians as directed by the unimaginative George III and the always good-natured Lord North remains the dirtiest page of the American Revolution. Naturally there has come a reaction against the first fierce anger, and that reaction has gone so far that today fools will maintain that, since the American rebels as well as the British government tried to enlist Indians, therefore the guilt is equal. The answer is that, while it was bad enough to use such allies against the enemy's armed force, to use them against a

whole population was far worse. By the British government the Indian was most emphatically not used for military purposes alone; he was used for what King George so genteelly called "distressing" America, for paying out the American farmer who, having ventured to defy his sovereign, could not be coerced by armies, for "distressing" him and his wife and his children with the diabolical outrages and tortures of which the redskin made an art. The Indians were the agents of what the world recently learned to call a policy of "frightfulness."

Actually, however, one feels that though Mr. Nickerson's emotion is justified, its expression is misplaced. It seems clear that he could have been on far sounder ground in referring to the moral reaction on the frontier to Burgoyne's Indian policy, particularly after the murder of Jane McCrea, just as he could have dealt with both the Indian and the German auxiliaries in a dispassionate analysis of England's occasional yielding to her fatal "Sepoy complex" in her

foreign wars. When England fights her own battles she is always magnificent and usually successful. When she is too inert or too tired or too comfortable to fight for herself, and takes to hiring or inducing foreigners to do the fighting for her, she never presents a pretty picture. Waterloo, Gallipoli and the storming of the Hindenburg line are English epics. Burgoyne in America is the reverse of the British medal. For German mercenaries purchased from an avaricious Teutonic prince, and a following of drunken scalping parties, created a moral weakness in the British cause which did more to ruin its chances of success, even in a military way, than any amount of British pluck, discipline and valor could redeem in action. From a military standpoint it was not only a dirty business, it was a foolish business. If one dwells overlong on this point it is because Mr. Nickerson seems to have missed the notable opportunity which it provides for constructive military and historical criticism.

## SOLDIERS TO A SAINT

By JULES-BOIS

FELICITATIONS are in order both to M. Maurice Hartey and the association of former service men of which he is president, picturesquely entitled *Les Croix de Feu et les Légionnaires au Péril de Leur Vie*, for organizing the recent pilgrimage to that ideal "station of psychotherapy," the Basilica of Ars. How Maurice Barrès would have approved the gesture, he who so fervently professed the cult of great spirits and of the countrysides that had inspired their lives! For in this humble township of the department of the Ain, a lowly priest became illustrious in spite of himself. The virtues which his relics evoke are all the more necessary today because they are so often ignored. Even from the worldly point of view, they have a sacred character all their own. From their shrine they urge us to the practice of that interior heroism without which all other heroisms are fated speedily to disappear.

It may well be asked why, as prototype of energy, a poor curé should be chosen, who professed himself during his life "the most ignorant and miserable of men," so remote from the times in which he lived that he never saw a railroad track. There are saints whose appeal is world-wide—Joan of Arc, the incarnation of patriotism, or Vincent de Paul, aptly termed the "Napoleon of charity." Why give the preference to this successor of Benedict Labre—John Baptist Vianney, Curé d'Ars?

The answer is that the Curé d'Ars is the saint of good counsel, the simple soul who, through his very simplicity, became a veritable seer in the realm of the supernatural.

Lacordaire, after hearing him preach, once exclaimed: "He has taught me how to recognize the

Holy Spirit!" Over and over again he consulted him on important projects. Among the pilgrims who visited his humble cell were Cardinal de Bonald, Monsignor Dupanloup and the poet Jasmin. The Curé d'Ars had that extraordinary common sense, traditional with the French peasant, which, without any pretense of learning, can give lessons to the wisest. This shepherd who, as a child, had nothing to guard except "an old donkey and three poorly-fed sheep," possessed a positive genius for the pastoral care of souls. He passed his examinations in theology with the greatest difficulty. But, by sheer force of illumination, he was saturated with divine wisdom.

Barbey d'Aurevilly vowed that his sermons were equal to those of Bossuet, of Fénelon, and of Saint Teresa of Avila. He had, the great though eccentric writer adds, "that prophetic aid which only comes from looking God in the face." Dowered with a species of "double sight," John Baptist Vianney could decipher the riddle of the most cryptic heart, untangle the design of the obscurest destiny. Before the name of our purblind psychoanalysis was even uttered, he was, by the action of divine grace, a transcendent psychoanalyst. In his confessional he regenerated bodies as well as consciences. He "absolved" maladies, and they disappeared. Even at a distance his superabundant power was felt. He practised telepathy before telepathy was heard of. He converted in the fullest sense of the word. Souls were renewed by him as a tailor turns an old garment inside out to make a new. He was electrical and electrogenic: there were X-rays in his heart and radium in his brain. The occult forces of the universe were at his service. Sublimest of "sensitives" he avowed himself the control-

medium of God. He attracted beings and things toward him as a lover draws the loved, and made them gravitate in his orbit. He was formidable for that very fact. He was humanity's "lover." Others demonstrated the soul—he exhibited it. By his very presence he reversed natural law. He proved that miracles are within the competence of the saint who obeys an interior Master and is the commander of his own soul.

The Curé d'Ars was the unfailing victor in an incessant self-conquest. This, with his unshakable faith, was the secret of his mastery over souls and his control of hidden forces. He overcame so thoroughly the self-love with which we are ankylosed that one of his biographers has declared that "he was insensible to everything save to the joy of being humiliated." When he was made a canon and the Legion of Honor was given him, he was in despair. He had so rooted bitterness out of his heart that the slanderous letters sent him were forwarded by him to his superiors in religion.

Not only did he love his enemies; he thanked them and approved them for hating him. We seek ease and soft living: he practised fasts and penance. His indefatigable activity was renewed by two or three hours sleep a night. He ate less than a pound of bread and a couple of potatoes in the course of a week. "I tried eating herbs," he confesses with a sublime naïveté, "but that is not enough. Bread seems to be necessary to man." He had no interest whatever in money (and a great deal passed through his hands) except to spend it on works of charity. When he was asked his secret for obtaining such large sums, he answered: "It is all very simple. You must give everything and keep nothing."

We read his life uncertain whether to laugh or cry. He himself had these two great gifts—smiles and tears. With these twin forces he led all hearts to God. A callous penitent once seemed insensible to his voice. The good curé began to weep. "Why are you crying?" "My friend, because you do not," the saint answered.

He was a poet. Saint Francis of Assisi spoke to the birds, but John Baptist Vianney ended by understanding them.

Sing away, little birds, in the midst of the hawthorns. Alas—you do not know what words you are saying. They are praises to God.

Emaciated, almost deprived of food or sleep, half-dead from his austerities, but comforted in Christ, the Curé d'Ars cried: "In a soul united to God it is always spring!" This extreme asceticism, which appears so monstrous to the uninstructed, brings an unspeakable joy to those who practise it for love's sake. Even from the human point of view the saints are never dupes.

To profit from the lesson they furnish us, and to discover what benefit for mankind in general may be drawn from their teachings, is a social duty. In the case of the Curé d'Ars, if we study carefully and sympathetically an existence which reproduced the splendors of the Golden Legend in our own day, we

are not long without making one important discovery. The virtues of which John Baptist Vianney offers us a sublime model are not as far removed as one might think from those which contemporary behaviorists and psychologists preach. They are only more perfect with him, purer and more beautiful. Altruism, social solidarity, the conservation of spiritual energy by a sober and "interior" life, the efficacy of meditation and above all of prayer, the necessity of self-control if we would be happy and forceful, the productiveness of kindness rather than egotism, the inspiration that is at times a better guide than close reasoning, courage allied with sane optimism which triumphs over seemingly insurmountable difficulties, faith—more fruitful than scepticism, and many other things, with charity as their crown—where do we find them present, in poignant reality, if not in the lives, the works, the "acts" of the saints, among whom the Curé d'Ars is only one of the most recently canonized?

It is high time these superhuman patrons of humanity, who are men in the highest and in the most complete sense of the word, ceased to be shown us as creatures apart from the common lot. Their greatness did not prevent them from being very tender and very lovable. Unhappily their aureoles, too dazzling for our feeble eyes, are an obstacle to the widespread appeal they should have. Their mildness obscures their intrepidity. The mystical ornaments lavished upon them by hagiographers, with the very best intentions in the world, conceal the fact that saints are, first and last, heroes—perhaps the greatest of heroes. Casting aside the pursuit of vain glory, they attain true glory by the hard road of renunciation. Concerned with things that cannot die, they are, from the very day of their death, immortal.

The former service men and legionaries upon whom a bitter asceticism was forced, who knew at first hand the sombre poetry of war, and drew from it the exaltation that gave victory, cannot, in our tawdry day, but derive fresh hope and fresh confidence from such an example. John Baptist Vianney, no less than they, was a soldier. His enemy, more formidable than any earthly foe, was Satan. During a campaign whose trenches were dug through his soul, he formulated a supreme strategy and discipline which make him an authentic hero in arms, the saviour of his people.

In France, thanks be to God, and today more than ever, the saints are winning the attention they merit. They have invaded contemporary literature, even the contemporary novel. Their story has the happy art of capturing the intellect of those who read. The books of Hello and of Huysmans initiated the change. Maurice Barrès, in his first books, introduced the lay world to the exercises of Ignatius of Loyola. Anatole France, it is true, cut his own profane capers in this mystical garden. But writers of the younger school are familiarizing the great public with the marvels, little known or hitherto misunderstood, of Saint Paul, of Augustine, Francis of Assisi, Teresa of Avila. Nor

must we ever forget that other Thérèse, the little French sister of the great Spanish lady, who was born within the memory of men still living, and who was raised to our altars, her hands filled with flowers, almost immediately after her death.

Without the saints, in what peril the world would stand of forgetting that there is something here below stronger than matter, stronger even than intellect! That "something" is the Holy Spirit, which Plato, two thousand years and two centuries ago, identified in the heart. Without the saints, we who dwell in a civilization, veering, through sheer lack of spirituality, toward a barbarism all the more monstrous for its refinements, might well lose sight of the Mount of Salvation, and be led blindfold, through manifold delights, to entire destruction. To what can material progress unaccompanied by moral progress lead, if not to a sort of mutual suicide?

The saint is a spur to the will, an inspiration to the intelligence. To our modern masses he preaches not only faith in God, but faith in ourselves. The individual and social forces he displays lie dormant in the depths of each one of us. It is our own fault that only too generally they remain unrevealed and rudimentary to the end. We Christians should do better. Let us pray to the saints not only to be shown the way but helped to follow it. Brave Curé d'Ars, valiant Curé d'Ars, heal our cowardice, our sensuality, our pride! Above all, make those of us to whom the function of the written word is entrusted, apostles of love and sacrifice—the leaven of the ideal in a material world!

### *Portrait in Greys*

People that see her every day  
Cannot tell you her pale eyes' color.  
Answering any dull words they say  
Her words are duller.

Under her basque is a long, lank skirt  
Seamed and gored in a bygone fashion.  
Often her nerves have twanged to hurt,  
Never to passion.

She has no luck making flowers grow  
Any more. She forgets to tend them.  
Children avoid her, but she has no  
Will to offend them.

She has no reason to lie awake,  
But her eyes have the look of slightly  
Veiled obliqueness that white nights make  
If not held lightly.

Why must I think of her? What to me  
Is drab hair streakily greying?  
Why must her twitching lips seem to be  
Wordlessly saying:

Never had anyone, anything;  
It was lonely enough at my brother's,  
But lonelier here in the women's wing  
With forty others. . . .

MAY WILLIAMS WARD.

## THE DISSENTER

By ROXANNA GRATE

THE gardener at Westgate was a dissenter. Westgate, you must know, is Westgate-on-the-Sea, England, a very real place; though it has become for me chiefly a memory of flat unfenced meadows, of low blue skies, of boundless waters beyond the sand, and of gardens—yes, I think, chiefly of gardens! It was through my love for the gardens, and the hours I spent in them, wandering up and down their grass-bordered paths or reading in their open places, that I met the gardener. The old man's courtesy was exquisite, bespeaking an inheritance of centuries of service on "my lord's domain." His unflagging interest in the dissenters in America was touching and his cockney accent a constant delight.

Every morning as I started out with my books and stool I located him, and invariably my footsteps turned toward the spot where he was working. Sometimes he was near the sunny south wall where the black figs were ripening; often he was at the old pump where a moss-covered basin caught the dripping water and sent it in little trickling streams through the tall grasses; again he was trimming the fruit-laden hedge along the side of the berry patch. Always he greeted me with a smile. We had many things to talk about; but whether we began with the sunshine or the dampness, with his rheumatism or with how I had slept, he artfully turned the conversation to America. When he was a lad one of his companions had sailed away for that mysterious land. In later years, his sister's son had "gone out" and, after a letter or two, had fallen into silence. "He was a dissenter, too," he added patiently. He surmised that we had numerous dissenters in America; he fancied there would even be many among my acquaintances, and in his intentness, he never noticed that I evaded his questions. Why should I destroy all the pictures he had so fondly fashioned for himself of my country, especially when I could hear about them every day in his naïve speech? Once he even assured me that I had a very good chance at salvation myself, an assurance founded, no doubt, upon his knowledge of the nuns with whom I was staying.

I admired the old man's poppies and he showed me the golden flowers in a hidden bed: I praised his roses and he plucked me blooms from his finest bushes; I spoke of orchids and he led me to a hothouse where I learned of those he had, and had had, and would have. Question after question I asked and he grew eloquent as he talked of his fruits and flowers. He had been head gardener on the estate when an English gentleman had lived there, and an aroma of the days when he had managed numerous under-gardeners clung to him, though the nuns could only hire an occasional man or two by the day. With a proper pride he displayed his grapes—such luscious purple grapes in huge bunches weighing pounds! His ripening tomatoes hung high beneath the hothouse glass. I duly admired them; and when, under pressure, I modestly disclosed the fact that one of ours would make four of his, he meditatively opined that ours must be "unrefined."

Sometimes when he went berrying, he brought me large juicy strawberries such as a gormand might dream of! He cut slips of vines which together we packed to send across the sea, the while he instructed me about shape and color of stem and leaf. With a grave insistence upon the quality of soil and the quantity of moisture, he hunted out the best seeds his chest could boast of for my garden at home. Maybe he hoped in some sort of dim way that his beloved dissenters would one day see them blooming among the far-off Kentucky hills.

## PLAYS BY RADIO

By R. DANA SKINNER

THE latest of all forms of radio amusement, namely the effort to give radio plays, is an integral part of the great world of make-believe. But, like every new form of make-believe, it hardly seems that radio plays have as yet reached their best development. Poetry and fiction are old arts and have a secure place, with established rules and standards. The same is true of the spoken drama on the stage, and it is beginning to be true of the better grade of motion pictures. But, unless I am very much mistaken, the effort to give plays by radio has started in considerable confusion and we have not yet learned to realize that it is a special and distinct form of make-believe which must of necessity have its own ideas and its own rules.

It has been said, not very seriously, that we are in danger of being divided into two classes of people: those who listen without seeing, and those who see without hearing. This means, of course, that up to the advent of the speaking motion picture, many millions were content to watch a silent drama on the screen, and other millions were content to listen to voices or instruments over the radio without seeing the performers. It may be that in a few years the marvels of television will solve the entire difficulty of radio and enable us to watch as well as to hear plays in our own homes. But for the present, it is true that our eyes are much better trained than our ears, and that for every ten persons who can lose themselves in a world of make-believe before the motion picture screen, there are probably only three who can listen to spoken words over the radio and imagine what the action of the play must be like.

Most of us have had the experience of sitting beside the radio and tuning in on a shortened version of some Broadway play. Instead of the voices of the actors sounding natural and giving us a vivid sense of taking part in the drama, we seem to be hearing a series of disconnected wails and shouts and groans. Even with the occasional assistance of the announcer, we soon find it a real mental effort to try to follow what is happening. What is the reason for this?

First of all, it is because broadcasters, when they first thought of presenting plays, took the easiest road. They said in effect: "Here we have hundreds of plays ready-made with interesting dialogue and dramatic situations. Surely those who have been unable to see the plays will be glad to listen to them and to recognize the voices of their favorite actors and actresses." But in saying or thinking this, the broadcasters forgot that we are all slaves of convention. We can listen to one person reading a novel aloud and enjoy it hugely. But it would probably be very confusing to us if four or five people would read a novel, a different person reading the lines of each different character. For this reason, listening to an ordinary radio play goes against all our normal habits and instincts.

The truth is that the broadcasters did not realize that they were dealing in an entirely different medium of art, and that the radio would have to develop a technique of its own, just as distinct as the technique of the motion picture or the novel. They have begun to realize this recently, and in some of the so-called biblical plays being given over the large stations, we are at last seeing the elements of the new art appear. Just as the movies discovered in time that they could jump around quickly from one scene to another and take us all over the world in the space of a few minutes, so the students of radio are discovering that the radio play does not have to be confined, like the play on the speaking stage, to a limited number of

scenes and to long dramatic sequences. In some of these biblical plays, which are written directly for the radio, the dialogue is generally between only two people at any one time. The individual scenes are often quite short, and the announcer fills in the gaps very much after the fashion employed by a first-class story teller.

What is actually happening is this: The radio is gradually bringing the form of the radio play nearer to that of a dramatic reading, and away from the forms of the spoken stage. The confusion of many voices speaking during one scene is being eliminated. Music is being used to create a definite mood, and the proportion of dialogue to the story, as told by the announcer, is becoming less and less. I have a strong feeling, therefore, that the future radio play will become more and more of a dramatic narrative, told by an expert announcer, with the help of music, and interspersed only here and there with dialogue, and then only when the dialogue itself conveys the meaning of the story better than the straight recitation by the announcer himself. It will be, in fact, something of a return to the old mediaeval fashion in which professional story-tellers traversed the lands of Europe and entertained the guests in the castle with tales of adventure and great renown. The method of these story-tellers was simple. They would, like the announcer of the radio today, give you the essential setting of the story and then at a given point break in with snatches of dialogue, but without much attempt at acting.

This form of entertainment, while totally different from the spoken play or from the silent pantomime of the motion picture, has every chance of becoming as real an art as that of the old ballad singers. The time will come, I am sure, and perhaps soon, when skilled authors will be asked to write dramatic readings direct for the radio, just as many authors today are writing stories direct for the motion picture. If the story of some Broadway play is sufficiently exciting to make good radio material, you will find that instead of merely condensing the play and allowing the actors to speak their regular dialogue, either the author or a skilled adapter will be asked to write out the substance of a play as a running story, using dialogue only when absolutely necessary and creating effects of mood and atmosphere by the skilled reading of the announcer himself, or by the use of music. A technique of this sort will create a definite feeling of make-believe quite as strong in its way as the conventions of the theatre or of the motion picture screen.

And so I suggest that instead of being discouraged with many of the awkward efforts being made today, you look with some interest and enthusiasm for the improvements being made along the lines I have just suggested. In a world filled with all too many harsh realities, which we must face and conquer, the creating of a world of make-believe can serve a very useful and wonderful purpose. Like the blessing of sleep itself, it can refresh and recharge our minds so that we can go back to the tasks of reality stronger and with more courage. If you want an interesting proof of this, you might recall the fact that in this supposedly most practical of all countries we are developing the greatest reading public in the history of mankind, and that means a public which finds a creative and inspiring value in make-believe. It is of no small importance, then, to realize that we are facing the return of a long-lost art—the art of the story teller. There is actually something quite mediaeval and fine in the thought that within a few years we may be able, within the sanctuary of our own homes, to listen to splendid and brave stories well told, and through this new medium of art, to rediscover the magic of an older day.

## P O E M S

*Santa Doucelina*

Sweet saint whose blessed eyes did see  
 The peach turn rosy on the tree,  
 Ripe moons of apricots appear  
 Through cloudy green,  
 Or skins of pears grow honey clear,  
 And at the sight  
 God's love was round you like a light,  
 Lady, watch in my orchard here,  
 It may be I shall see what you have seen!

Lady for whom need only pass  
 The striped snake in the low grass  
 Or field mouse squeak behind the plow,  
 Or any bird  
 Sing sweetly forth from any bough,  
 And at the sound  
 For you God's grace did suddenly abound,  
 Sweet saint, walk in my orchard now,  
 It may be I shall hear what you have heard!

MARY AUSTIN.

*Reflections*

The miracle of consciousness  
 Is with me every waking hour.  
 The joy inspired by loveliness  
 Found hidden in a frail wild flower  
 Can make my very being sing—  
 I feel a camaraderie  
 With petal leaf and pinioned wing,  
 I know a new serenity.  
 God must be glad to make the sky  
 So wonderfully blue and clear,  
 To make a golden butterfly  
 And send it fluttering so near,  
 To make the dawn flame after all  
 Night's star-strewn banners have unfurled,  
 And let a child's light laughter fall  
 From heaven, for music in the world.

MARGARET ELIZABETH HOLMES.

*Bird-Flower*

In the marsh and pickerel weed  
 Where the clotted lilies lead  
 And trail their secret roots on tether  
 Green, here the sunlit feather  
 Of the red-winged blackbird sprays  
 In dewy bath, cuts and frays  
 His water-twin, perches swaying  
 On the reed, scarcely weighing,  
 Spreads his wings with epaulets  
 Flashing scarlet, flutes three jets  
 Of liquid music as he bursts  
 A singing-flower, as he thirsts  
 And drinks his music back . . . again  
 That winging flower with scarlet stain!

RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG.

*Rollin and Me*

Yesterday Rollin found me on the hillside gathering berries  
 and he helped me.  
 He gave me one, and laughed at the red stain on my lips,  
 and kissed me.  
 Then all at once he knew what I had known for a long time,  
 and told me;  
 But I couldn't speak just then.

So we went hand-in-hand, down through the long field,  
 walking in the daisies,  
 Till we came to the grassy bank of the river.  
 There I answered him.

Rollin is good and honest, and a willing worker,  
 Soon he'll have money laid by.  
 Then we'll marry, and have a little house by the river.

I'll be a wife, and keep fowls, and save money for a cow.  
 Children will come.

At last we'll grow old and die;  
 And our children will lay us close to the church, side by side;  
 And we'll go to our Father in heaven.

That's all about Rollin and me.

CHARLES BALLARD.

*For a Little Dead Child*

The flowers in my garden  
 Dance in a flaming row,  
 But I will never make again  
 The dolls you used to know.

With tulips for their faces,  
 And daffodils for frocks—  
 I used to measure your dear height  
 By swaying hollyhocks. . . .

The flowers in my garden  
 Dance in a flaming row,  
 But I will never make again  
 The dolls you used to know.

MABEL CLELAND.

*Our Road*

We live at the end of a straight road  
 Where the sun seems to rise,  
 And the trees in their shyness  
 Curtsy to the skies.

We live at the end of a dirt road,  
 That never turns or bends,  
 And the sky meets the dust there  
 Where the dirt road ends.

S. BRADLEY PRUDEN.

## BOOKS

### Hard-Boiled Yeggs

*The Gangs of New York; An Informal History of the Underworld, by Herbert Asbury. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.00.*

MR. ASBURY'S history of violent crime in New York is not confined, as he appries you in a sub-title, to the city's gangs. It is much more comprehensive. It goes so far afield as to cover elaborately the riots against conscription in the war of secession, the homicidal fights between Know-Nothings and Democratic sluggers, the tong wars in Chinatown, the stealing of A. T. Stewart's body, the mobbing of the English actor Macready by Edwin Forrest's rowdy friends, the old-time dives and everything else that makes lively reading. In fact, of his sixteen chapters, only six are limited to the gang as that word is generally understood. The gang as an institution came into being with the Whyos of Mulberry Bend, who reached their peak of fame late in the 1880's; but Mr. Asbury begins his history with the Slave Plot of 1741, and does not seem to have left out anything from that date down to the passing of gangdom as a power. He fixes that anticlimax at the time of the war between Dopey Benny and the independent gangs, from 1913 to 1915. After the breaking of Dopey Benny's power gang rule waned, and Mr. Asbury closes the story optimistically with the murder, in 1927, of the last of the heroes, Little Augie.

It being understood that this is a history of professional crime and not merely of the gang feature of it, certain conclusions concerning the whole matter of the underworld can be drawn from it. Mr. Asbury, of course, writes well; he always does. He writes with care, too; and he has made a thorough study of his subject. His errors are very few, and not important; mainly such mistakes as having his gangsters use words like "guys" and "birds" decades before those words acquired their present slang meaning; or calling Van Wyck the last mayor of old New York, when his sole title to fame is that he was the first mayor of Greater New York; or including Henry Ward Beecher among the sensational preachers who visited dives to get material for so-called "sermons" of the dime novel stripe. These slight slips are hardly more than noticeable, and on the other hand he has done a great deal of research with evident honesty.

One can feel confident that no manifestation of organized crime in New York since it was a colonial city has escaped Mr. Asbury. In that confidence, the principal conclusion to be drawn is that the situation is much better than it has been for at least a century. We still hear about the gangs, but only because it is such a handy word that we cannot bear to part with it. The word gang no longer means a partition of the city among rival brigand chieftains; it is applied now to any handful of criminals who are gregarious instead of solitary. In that sense there was a gang in ancient Sodom. But that is not what the word meant in New York from the rise of the Whyos to the shooting of Kid Dropper.

As for the earlier manifestations of coalized crime, there has been the same improvement. In the first half of the nineteenth century areas of the city were given over to moral and spiritual death. For a parallel to Mr. Asbury's description of this period one must turn to the sewers of life depicted by Dickens in *Oliver Twist* and by Hugo in *Les Misérables*, to Fagin and Thenardier. In the mid-century there rose the earlier gangs; not the criminal principalities of a later date, but associations

of toughs who delighted in pitched battles without necessarily any desire to make money out of them. Such were the Bowery Boys, the Dead Rabbits and many others. They are only a memory now.

Next Mr. Asbury goes fully into the subject of that particular vice which, to the never-ending disgust of the late Mayor Gaynor, is generally called "vice"—"as if there were only one," he used to growl. We have grown accustomed to having alarmist reformers assure us, at regular intervals, that "vice has never been so flagrant in New York as it is today," whatever the particular today may be they are living in. A perusal of Asbury is a healthful antidote to that kind of rubbish. It ought to be added that he deals with this phase with not the slightest appeal to lubricity, and while the facts he gives are frightful he neither takes nor seeks to give pleasure in stating them.

A somewhat larger conclusion warranted by a reading of this book is that the United States is behaving better. Whether or not it is any more virtuous than it used to be, it has got the enemies of society under better control; perhaps because it is older and riper in civilization.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

### South by North

*The Lyric South; An Anthology, by Addison Hibbard. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.*

*Hale's Pond and Other Poems, by James Whaler. New York: Harold Vinal, Limited. \$2.00.*

OUT of that admirable centre, the University of North Carolina, Professor Addison Hibbard issues an anthology of the best of the recent poetry of the South.

"Those who hold special briefs," declares Mr. Hibbard in his introduction, "will have to make their own anthologies." He has adopted the title, *The Lyric South*, not in any technical lyrical sense, nor in any reaching claim on southern writers who have passed their public careers in the North and West, including in his selections from some thirty poets, the work of Northerners who have long been associated and domiciled in the southern states.

These southern poets have not forgotten that music is a part of their trade. They understand rhythm, the soft word and the guttural, the phrase that slips and the climax that halts. They are, when all is said and done, the grandchildren of Timrod, Lanier and Poe. A poet here is still a poet, not a professor, not a strayed mathematician or metaphysician. Mr. Hibbard's first division of his selections, under the heading *Local Color and Legendary*, displays some charming objective songs by Hervey Allen, Olive Tilford Dargan, Virginia McCormick and Victor Scarbuck. In *Nature and the Season* where the southern poets are most at home we find William Alexander Percy's *A Page's Road Song*; Lizette Woodworth Reese's *Sweet Weather*; and Mary Sinton Leitch's *The Secret*, aglow with the magnolia light of this regional collection. Under the gatherings of *People and Portraits*, we find excellent work in *The Housewife* by Karle Wilson Baker; *The Mountain Woman* by DuBose Heyward; *The Misses Poar Drive to Church* by Josephine Pinckney. Under the head of *The Searching Spirit* is included Caroline Giltinan's *Over Night* and *The Thirteenth Station*. John Crowe Ransom's *Survey of Literature*, and the poems of Cale Young Rice and Mary Brent Whiteside show that the Classics and Travel have still a strong hold upon southern culture, as well as the poems of the subdivision of *Love, Death and The Fever Called Living*.

Altogether The Lyric South presents its poets as we expect to find them; there are fine poets among them; no great ones; and some rather weak sisters of the swan's quill have managed to get within the anthologist's focus. We have distinguished singers in every part of our country; the northwestern states have shown some unusually high productivity, and in generalizing spirit we would trace a declining virility of soul from Seattle and Montreal to some distance below the "Mason and Hamblin" line of O. Henry, where the old French, Spanish and African blood begins to surge and the poetry that is a sort of sigh of relief from too much living meets the poetry of northern aspiration for life. Mr. Addison Hibbard deserves a solid appreciation for his excellent gathering up from this tropical tide.

The voice of song has not yet reached us from the snow-homes of the Eskimos, but we can hear the primitive North abroad with frost-bitten cymbals to exorcise the sun, to call the heart-throbs to life in the northern regions, to beautify, if may be, the harsh rocks, the late-moving winters.

"Lord, to be polyglot!" sighs the Runaway in James Whaler's volume, Hale's Pond:

"Oh, human speech is but a sorry thing  
To the great words that write themselves and sing  
In snow-wise waters, from the wings of bees  
In thoughts that blow through hearts of men from trees—  
We will endow your tongue if you have need;  
Let others read  
By rule, by rote from many ink-smeared pages:

The woods are kind, O youth, Maine woods are cruel,  
But out of Maine men lumber men for fuel."

Thus Mr. Whaler writes man-poetry; crude, harsh lines, suffused with a music like the voices of pine forests over clashing seas. He tells us:

"So I scaled that dark  
Into the hurricane of spit and spark,  
Hooking my belly to a footway's grit  
Now on to the Infinite!"

It is poetry for young men, muscular, hatless, without garters to their socks. It is breezy, vibrant stuff:

"These are the lights left for me in a City of Brotherly Love.  
Night, like a nigger minstrel with long red fingernails,  
strikes at the river-current clear to the Camden flats  
and back,  
Harping a wheezy hymn to these crooked roofs of Front Street,  
Celebrating the goat-eyes of these concupiscent house-masks."

A strange, perhaps youthful, view of Philadelphia. It is wild, disordered, grandiose; it is poetry of the wilderness, with something of the scald, something of the whisky-flask and bowie-knife, and perhaps a little more than something, also, of "the vision and the faculty divine."

THOMAS WALSH.



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## Liberty by Inches

*The Prison Breakers, by Alban M. Phillip. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$3.00.*

THE strategy of ending an episodic book with a striking and intensely interesting story is always excellent. Yet in the case of *The Prison Breakers* much of the value of such tactics is lost. One puts down the book with admiration of Frederick Trenck whose journal comprises the greater portion of the last chapter, as a prison breaker and a writer, and the regret that the German could not have written the entire book instead of its author, Alban M. Phillip. For Trenck's account of his imprisonment and numerous attempts to escape is so vivid that the remainder of the book is thrown into deep shadow. This is unquestionably true because the German was really describing a setting with which he was intimately familiar whereas Mr. Phillip offers his reader only meagre descriptions of the prisons from which his other protagonists escaped. Again their adventures are presented with a dryness which is more disappointing when the incidents lend themselves so admirably to emotional and swashbuckling treatment. One can imagine Tom Sawyer, who would have delighted in any account of prison breaking, giving Mr. Phillip a few salutary lessons in writing such histories.

Nevertheless there is no lack of interest, for the very subject-matter precludes such a possibility. The author has correctly gauged the psychology of civilized man toward the one who escapes from prison. Despite the establishment of elaborate precautions to confine lawbreakers, there is an undisputed admiration for him who works against overwhelming odds and wins to liberty. It is a curious tribute to persistence and hope. And the reader of *The Prison Breakers*, his sympathies for the under-dog enlisted almost immediately, follows each account with no righteous hope that the criminal will be balked or apprehended once he is again free. Success in such desperate plights almost becomes a factor in winning the forgiveness of society bent on imprisoning or putting to death its offenders. Consequently it is not difficult to understand the tremendous adulation that men like Jack Shepherd received from a public, which in its day looked upon his deeds as little short of miraculous. Fortunately this attitude did not influence those empowered to enforce the law.

If a moral were to be had from *The Prison Breakers* it would point the observation that the criminal must lose. Of the seven men treated in the book, four were deep-dyed criminals. Each met the death decreed by the courts. The other three, prisoners of state, regained and enjoyed freedom for the remainder of their lives.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

## The Gloomiest Dean

*The Skull of Swift, by Shane Leslie. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.50.*

THE temptation to turn this review of a book about Swift into an essay is so great that I beg the angels to take note of my singular forbearance. No other figure in all literature so mightily prods one into analysis or—lest that be too ambitious a word—the effort to speak one's mind. But be it asserted that Mr. Leslie's reflections are haunting and suggestive, even though no large measure of finality clings to them. He seems to have desired writing something in the manner of the "romantic biographies" which have long since been stacked in piles, far to the fore, in our most flourishing book

stores. There is the usual prelude, built round the Dean's skull. It suggests the "frenzied and disappointed mind," the "gift of irony." Scattered notes in a minor key, some fragments of a morbid scherzo—and the tale is on, introduced with a brilliant synopsis. Mr. Leslie knows the eighteenth century, and has not triumphed over the excellent poet in himself. This résumé would therefore be memorable, if only the surrender to cleverness had been less absolute. When we read, "Although Swift followed Cyrano de Bergerac on his Journey to the Moon, yet he was never a lunatic," we are simply reminded that Mr. Chesterton can write badly and that—as the proverb insists—badness is always more contagious than virtue. Such lapses are frequent, and the pity of it is that the book is good enough to be spoiled by them.

Mr. Leslie evokes a masterly portrait of Sir William Temple, mourning his suicide son, retiring to Surrey with "three broken-hearted women," knowing that "his heart contained the barest haven for himself." What we see of this dear old pedant and statesman is so much better than what we are given to see of Swift that it is difficult to refrain from wishing that Mr. Leslie had written about Temple. Perhaps he will. Meanwhile there follows a series of Jonathans—Jonathan the uncouth, feeling his way into culture and power, going to see the king; Jonathan the shrewd, anxious to make a stepping-stone of the church and getting himself stranded in Ireland; Jonathan the man of letters, unleashing those hounds of sardonic laughter that still bark and bray at the human race; Jonathan the beloved, finally, absorbing the love of two women but (for all we are able to see of the matter) never offering them anything except tea. It is natural that the last phase should be most diligently examined. Mr. Leslie tells the unfathomable story as neatly as one could desire. Stella rather than Vanessa is the heroine. The narrative of her death is tender and ever so human: Swift dreaded that passing, visited the sick woman once and said prayers he had composed for the occasion. "The prayers expressed human agony rather than platitudes. His was really the agony of despair and the valediction of Voltaire. He never expected to see the dead again."

The bitterness out of which Swift drew sustenance was the ultimate cosmic spleen. It towers above us with whips and scorpions, it brings our pretty superficialities under the unendurable radiance of a focused lens. Nevertheless he who thus nourished himself was pitifully human, strange and sad. Of the man Swift there is enough in this book to stir the heart.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

## Crumbs From a Round Table

*Problems of the Pacific; Proceedings of the Second Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations, Honolulu, Hawaii, July 15 to 29, 1927; edited by J. B. Condliffe. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.*

THE first conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations was held in Honolulu, July, 1925. Its organization was effected mainly by the national councils of the Young Men's Christian Association. Two years later a second conference was held in the same city, this time under the direction of national councils of the Institute, which in the meantime had been established in six countries. Ten countries in all were represented in the 1927 conference and the membership was larger, more diversified and more competent than that of its predecessor.

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to present the story of the 1927 conference. It is divided into three principal parts. The first gives the nine opening statements made at the conference by spokesmen of all the participating countries except Hawaii; the second part summarizes the Round Table discussions, which constituted the principal activities of the conference and the third presents some thirty-three documents, descriptive, historical and educational, by experts, most of which were at the disposal of the members during the session. Although the Round Table discussions are presented only in summary fashion and although the addresses and discussions at the evening meetings subsequent to the first are entirely omitted, nevertheless the volume provides a very satisfactory account of the proceedings. The thirty-three documents contained in the third part of the work constitute, of themselves, a fairly comprehensive description of the problems which the conference discussed and which will remain for many years important subjects of discussion and of international solicitude. There is probably no other single volume in existence which is capable of giving to the average reader as much information and suggestions for thought on the problems of the Pacific basin.

The main reason for this is to be found in the make-up of the conference and the spirit in which its members applied themselves to their work. In this connection the following paragraphs from the foreword are particularly enlightening:

"The conference was unofficial. The members represented no governments or governmental or private interests. Though well acquainted with the matters discussed and their governments' policies in relation to these matters, the members spoke for themselves alone. They came under no instructions. Compromise, barter, the giving of a quid pro quo, were absent. Thinking did not stop where the interests of the other party were concerned, but minds were free to think with the other party to his conclusions and so get the reasons for his point of view.

"People within the Pacific countries of widely contrasted viewpoints and types of mind attended the conference. The national groups represented no bloc opinion or sympathies. The liberal and conservative, idealist and materialist, labor leader and capitalist, internationalist and nationalist were present and stated their opinions. The conference assembled a fair cross-section of the unofficial experience, expert knowledge and representative opinion of the various countries and focused it upon a program of extraordinary interest and difficulty."

JOHN A. RYAN.

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